

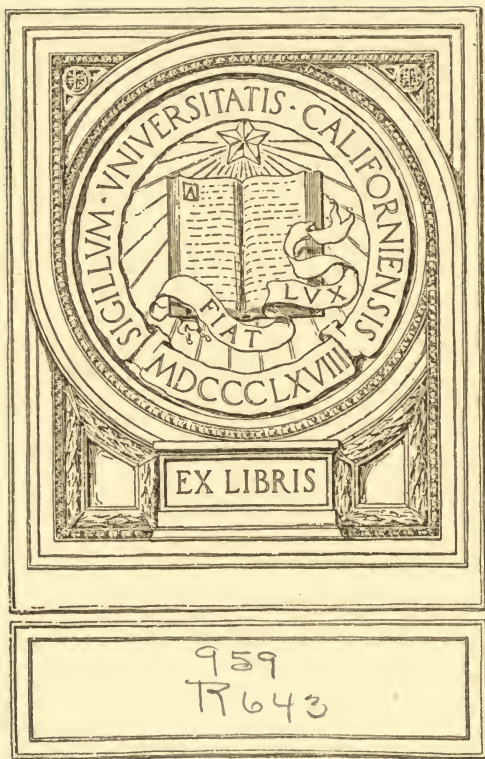
COLLECTED POEMS

ROBERTS

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COLLECTED POEMS



# COLLECTED POEMS

BY

CHARLES V. H. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "LOUVAIN," "THE SUBLIME SACRIFICE," ETC.

There is no greater use of things than loving them;  
In flowers of gladness or in seeds of grief,  
All else wanes off and comes to nothingness.  
Through all the sophistries of crafty mind,—  
Mould our shallow pleading as we may,—  
By laws that are themselves the breach of law,  
The lowliest thing is sanctified by Love,  
And sheddeth incense over Destiny.

From *Louvain*—Act I

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# THE CALL OF LIFE



## THE CALL OF LIFE

Only one Life to live! To do the best  
With it, to make the most of it, that's the ques-  
tion!

Life is music on a sea whose waves are souls,  
Conceived in the sweetened darkness between  
two worlds.

Ah! Think! Each one a cosmic part of this  
Great Universe; a Symphony in aeons,  
Whose cadent bars but mix and mingle to  
The throbbing Pulse of its Creator. Let  
Thy Song, great mystery wingéd wondrous  
Life

Proclaim to me thy secret! To grasp thine  
essence,

Play to my mind some key in what thou art!

The Chord is struck! An Earth is lit by  
Magic flame

Amid the conscious vestments of eternity:  
And thou dost teach great Space to bear,  
To grow, to breathe, to flower, feel and love;  
And unto Man place greater Arts in thy proud  
edifice.

Sequestered, I a Life unto a Life  
Do speak, unravelling gilded lessons  
In the unknown retinue of mortal Being,  
To lead each swaying spirit back to the starry  
Firmament and palace Court of Heaven.

To be alive, I deem a lavish gift  
Self-existent, self-completing; and  
I should make music in these hours brief,  
To play to deeds in my maturer days,  
That all their great and golden reeds be mine.

Err not in the deeper freedom of the skies,  
With all their dreams of stars and moon and  
sun,  
And the singing of a thousand different  
worlds.

With outstretched arms embrace grim Oppor-  
tunity,  
And fear not joy, that joys might ever be.  
Move with conception and with splendid  
thought,  
And be not out of tune with thy design;  
Let future hopes cross the string of dead de-  
sire;  
Steer with great calm though in a tempest  
tossed.

O Life! thou art an awesome mute appeal,  
From mystery unto mystery peopling worlds;  
A chorus singing to eternal arches,  
Yet each frail voice a trembling worshipper.

Let Kindness be thy mystic star and  
Drop Pretence. Success cannot be born in  
sham.

Whate'er thou art — then fearless let thee be.  
Exaltation will thy greatest deeds refute,  
As Silence sings thy praise in noble harmony  
And Self-control — the Prelude on the strings  
Of power, will and grand accomplishment.  
It were a priceless life that can control  
The heart's fierce beat, and never speak a  
word.

Let go of Discontent. In all eternal years  
There is no murmur from a restless heart.  
How trivial the complainings of thy harassed  
days,  
Thy maiméd wants and selfish thoughts;  
In songs of praise thy frettings be undone.  
Thou shouldst make me, Life, to such strange  
effect  
That Sympathy be the eyelids of my mind,

Truth the omnipresent iris in the banquet  
lights

And Honour the pupil on my soul's eclipse.

Make use of Time. There's the Godly sting!  
The most reckless spendthrift in the world is  
he

Who squanders time. What power can restore  
The moment that has passed, the day whose  
sun

Has set, the year that's numbered with the  
ages gone?

It awes me when I think there was a time  
When Life and I were not, when the mysteries  
Of eternity swept on, and the sun turned  
Into day, without the sound or sight of man.

Hearken unto Death! his torch ablaze,  
Yet invisible in the toils of mortal passion,  
Of sins and shades, and wasted days of youth.  
Be gemmed with prayer and kindred preparation.

A sleep unto oblivion — no form,  
A flaming memory, a ring of visions, —  
Thou art a ruby in God's Paradise.



## THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY



## THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

Oh, my Beloved! Death laughs here in Rome:  
A pestilent malady is in the summer's air.  
Keep close this warning — of the grieving mist  
And crimson snare of Death. Thy home  
Is in the Country, the hills of melting amethyst.

Beyond these festering streets are fragrant  
fields

Powdered with buttercups and shyer things.  
Hide thee there, in the silvery breeze swayed  
grass,

Where meadow larks trill high on fluttering  
wings;

Or into the wood's dark fringe, where a  
cuckoo's call

Darts like an arrow through the orange trees.  
How lone and cool his note — now faint and  
far

Beyond the chorused humming of the bees.

Beloved! Thou art my soul's idolatry,  
Its dreamful ease, its beauty and all its radi-  
ance.

Leave Rome! Thy heart-strings murmur for  
the country,  
For streams that wind and wave, for shadows  
that glance  
And glide in gardens dark'ning for love's  
mystery.

Thou wert not born as other women are,  
But in swoons conceived by some immortal  
star.

Ire and danger fill the city's breath,  
Each street a vein embalmed—a scar  
In anguish. Be not tempted by the grail of  
Death.

There's no contagion in the whispering fairy-  
ed grass  
Where Nature blows on his pipes of reeds  
with Pan's own glee,  
In love-enraptured tune. If thou wouldst see  
The roses bloom again, the stars e'er shine,  
The foam-bells sparkle on the waves,  
Then hasten to the country—and in time;  
To fields of blossomed trees, past little shrine  
Where crumbled stones proclaim a golden  
past.

From o'er our villa, clouds will sail across the  
sky

And the colour of the evening pigment take,—  
The green of lemon trees, and fragrant spice,  
Fair olive groves, the halls of twice  
One thousand years, and a lily lake,—

A flinging beam, a twilight hedge, thou and I.  
Sun like a red pomegranate! The city's eyes  
are sulphurous.

Go, Beloved! All here is dolorous:

There pure water gleams, whose fringes we  
will tread;

Pagodas gilded, where faint dreams entice  
The sweetest rites of love to sanctify;

Silver rays a-glimmer o'er our bridal bed,  
With dimming eyes—as candles clear—thy  
heart to sate

The yielding spirit action we'll partake.

At last thou art amid these sacred groves,  
These woods and wilds and musical retreats:  
No more the city and its pall of Death;  
All there is dismal as the Shades beneath.

Across these mellow fields the Muses sang;  
Still revellers danced; great rhapsodies of  
Love were heard—

The bloom of secret dawn and sweet repose,  
The stream's clear flow, the call of mating  
bird.

We accept the perfect stillness of the ground,  
And the vision of a sunset-saffroned sea.  
Our lives shall be the history of a rose,  
Each day a petal in a sweeter bliss;  
And when like leaves, they turn to braken  
gold—

Where waves the grass and prostrate legions  
old—

No name but thine shall on these barks be  
found,

To glad the earth and gild the evening sky.

Breathe on my burning lips thy softest words,  
Thy love into my soul and every vital part,  
Thy thoughts, thy melody and all thy joy,  
Until thou hast assuaged my yearning heart.  
Thus we, Beloved—so having been—shall  
never cease,

But only wander—wander to eternal peace.

## THE CALL OF LOVE





## THE CALL OF LOVE

O Immortal Love! The centuries  
Have confessed thy powers and art to please,  
Yet still thou guardest all thy mystery.  
Command is writ upon thy brow—the free  
Of Earth e'er have yielded to thy sway.

Time has not bent thee to the ground,  
Aged thy face or deafened thine ears to sound;  
There's enraptured secret glitter in thine eyes,  
And in thy voice, an outflung solo from the  
    skies,  
An earth-lyre for Nature's Mastery.

Nor rocks, nor caves can from thy presence  
    hide;  
No soul from thee can surged sea divide;  
From dawn thy bridal veil fills all man's sight,  
And steels the thews of youth to deeds of  
    might.

Thou art Queen Beauty, in Life's Dynasty.

Deep through Life, emotion sheds thy beams,  
Like stars that twinkle in the spring-fed  
    streams.

Thy waving hair as years, upon the surface  
blows;

Thy cheeks reflect the lily, then the rose,  
Each petal beating in some human heart.

Thou dost weave a magic on the waiting air,  
Through twilights, on and on, enchanting free.  
Leaf-dance and petal-gleam thine errants see;  
Hear woodland voices, soft and fair,  
And the vaster fairy footsteps of the night.

Who can glimpse thy scheme, thy jewelled  
visage,

For Philosophy and Science are but mirage  
That oppose their own great doctrines. Can  
a storm

Stir the petals of a rose, or tempest warm  
The twilight into day before the passage of  
the night?

Then Love, thou hast a savage courage and  
Deliberate force, that venture and expand  
The whirl-winds of fierce Nature's great de-  
sires.

Storm or heights, the flaming sun or fires  
Of Hell, control not thy spirit's soaring might.

Oft thou art wild, mad and irridescent

In thine ills — then mist-veiled, dim and con-  
valescent,  
Dream-drowsy in thy languor and thy mys-  
tery;  
Voluptuous in spice-scents, thy pulses beat  
fiercely;  
Thine opal heart leaps — in sunset crimsoning.  
O rapturous one, thou art the keeper of the  
keys  
To Paradise. Guard well the gates — lest on  
my knees  
I shall demand they be unlocked wide  
Open — then engulfed by stern Passion's tide,  
A pagan god inhaling rare incense.  
Thou dost make souls flash together in  
A flame of new-found joy, and all within  
Thy wondrous unseen presence. A swoon-  
ing perfume  
O'er the quietest sleepers in the world con-  
sumes  
To vibrant ecstasies — hitherto unknown.  
Then Love, hold high thy chalice lest I quaff  
Too deep, lured by the perfume of thy wine;  
For the fairest liquor yields its spurious dregs,

That feed the mortal and choke the soul di-  
vine,

The fountain of our hopes and destinies.

One cannot suffer who has never loved,  
Nor can he love who has not sorrow known.  
Dream worlds and all our many pains are  
moved

Beneath thy wings, cherished pathways shown;  
Thy half-veiled star keeps vigil over us.

Thou art a Child, a Mother, Husband, Wife.  
Oh! to solve the single secret of thy life's  
Philosophy, thy noble madness, thy honeyed  
drugs,

Thy Memory and Truth that hugs  
Each soul to the very arms of grim-robed  
Death!

Thou art remembered from the other worlds;  
Perhaps been died for — or by History hurled  
Through many pains, laments and secret joys:  
But Time, nor Change, nor fiery Fate de-  
stroys —

Thou art conscious always — quick'ning  
through eternity.

Thou art a dream to deeds of man's eternal  
days,  
Of passions peerless, and of half-glimpsed  
ways  
To happiness. Thy reeds of joy are mine  
Which pipe in flame and make thee—near-  
divine.  
O sequestered Face—Love's deathless coun-  
tenance!



# THE CALL OF HAPPINESS





## THE CALL OF HAPPINESS

O Happiness! thy vision comes to me  
In kisses of Egyptian lavender;  
Sung by mermaids on a silver sea,  
In verses of the moon so calm and tender.  
No one can doubt thy presence and thy meaning,  
Resounding silken-smooth and blissful-teeming  
O'er the world—joy-waves from pain redeeming.

I have met thee far away—wild sails of long  
Ago. Thy masts were furled with creeds untrue,  
When Grecian gods, the Muses, and thy worshippers in song  
Dreamed naught lay there beyond eternal blue.  
Prayer was then, in gold and silver wrought,  
Thy heaven but an incense-stream of pleasure bought  
In clouded wine,—sold in sensuous thought.

But thou hast sacked the ages of their madness,  
And breathed beyond the tryst of heathen  
stars.

From Bethlehem thy messengers bring glad-  
ness —

Great tidings o'er this bitter world of ours.  
Thou speakest then in strongest jubilation,  
Thy joys fulfilled to highest consecration;  
Thy one big tear — the Cross of Expiation.

O Happiness, thou hast no nobler gem than  
prayer,

That silent meditation of the soul,  
When real things touch us vividly, and where  
Thy rich accords and richest current roll  
Outward to the shore of Paradise.

There, wafts no water but knows thine eyes,  
Where sundered stars breathe only in thy  
sighs.

Thou art purest in the little child,  
Caressing lovingly each new-bought toy;  
Frail, floating innocence, yet wild  
In laughter, song, merry-play and joy.  
O to be a child again! — the Fairy Tales,  
Old Santa Claus — those kindergarten days,  
With chant from little primer — the dreams  
of tiny sails!

Thou art a limpid spirit on our wedding day,  
To vanish with us on the wings of love.

That fairest flowering — Motherhood — thy  
way

That brings an angel for the God above.

Oh! grow thou then, amid the garden of our  
joys,

Make it sweet and holy for our children's  
plays,

Each tree and bower — each little petal, be  
their toys.

Be on our death-bed, Happiness, where the  
shadows lie;

And Faith becomes still more the garment of  
our soul.

Weave gently the ending of our life, and try  
To comfort us in verses on the Scroll

That make us feel thy grandest prize is near.

Then thy ties, thy friendship, peace, — God  
Himself,

Will welcome us unto thy final sphere.



# THE CALL OF SORROW

A Poem of Destiny



## THE CALL OF SORROW

Beloved! In thine adversity there is  
Not one will call thee friend. When mortal  
heart

Beats outward for the healing touch, the little  
Things for its easing never come. Sorrow  
Is an Exile, which hath no portion in the time  
And tale and scorching brain of selfishness.

If thou hast webs of laughter and dangling  
gold,

Or credit on the rich man's scroll writ deep,  
And in thy house a sense of feasts and affecta-  
tion

Unconfessed, — then thou hast many friends;  
Thy life goes on with splendid tendence;  
Thou art a shepherdess in the golden lights.

But a sudden pause in entertainment, its glows  
And sighs and wines and visions delicate;  
Or hearken with thy gifts and jewels and  
favorite

Robes, dazzling the longest corridors;

Then thou shalt be with less friends,—lingering

In the sunlight, but each remembering.

Let Sorrow come,—the doorway of thy soul  
Flung open to the storm of life's great pain,—  
Then thou must win another friend;  
Mad and knowing all, thy lords of pleasure  
Flash and elsewhere seek; thou art solitary,  
Untended, comfortless, and yet—not ended.

O Spirit of Sorrow! with such majestic certainty

Dost thou come in on all things human;  
Thine august angel before the compact of  
Our life was signed, breathed far off in stardust:

Then our spirits quickened by the Word  
Of God, conceived and met thee. For a time  
We, clothed in mortal raiment, swoon to thy  
Bemoaning reeds and deepest chords of misery.

Beloved, thy stirring bosom is besieged with grief,

Sad sea-horizons of sorrow mystical,  
With wounds no human hand can ever close,  
Until thy soul beyond the ocean, weary, rests.



Thy tear, — each tear a solitaire, a pearl  
That vainly shimmers on the crimson reef  
Of pain, — for a setting in the ring of Sym-  
pathy!

Lose Health, — thy gold will twine in loneli-  
ness;

Thy most cherished arms that weaved about  
thy strength,

In weakness waver; petals o'er-blown fly  
On the wind away to stronger stems. If thou  
Art ill, ill unto death, a mother's love  
Alone will shine, — that unadorned, profound,  
Unselfish love. The deeper falls the darkness  
Of thy life, the brighter is its calm  
Enduring warmth. Forever half in lightning  
And in gloom, the maternal star in brilliance  
Unafraid grows stronger in the firmament of  
Sorrow.

Ah! If we could be the things we are,  
And not the things we have! Our chattels,  
Gold, and songs are in themselves a nothing-  
ness,

A glow that has a wasting flame, and yet  
Without, we are but ashes, — living limbs,  
Wordless, handless, helpless, friendless,  
Groping for the spirit of Companionship.

Oft Sorrow, art thou Victory, crowned in  
poverty,  
In fallen fortunes and the emptiness of aid;  
A tale of bitterness on barren stone,  
Those pangs of pain and utter deprivation,  
The flesh in sighs of jealousy composed;  
To reach and grasp and suffer for the joys  
Of life, — those wistful, dreamful joys of life  
Attained by luxury only. Feebly, step  
By step, the roaming of these starving souls  
Casts a shadow for a moment; then  
Unassuaged they soar away unto Oblivion.

O Talisman of Sorrow, winged through aeons  
From the thunder of a Self-existent  
Mind! — groan and cry in the anguish  
Of the angels mutinied; in human bodies  
Broken, torn and mangled on the arenas  
Of Roman persecution; in the twilight of bat-  
tle fields,  
Woman's shame and man's hypocrisy,  
Unpraised achievement, kindred disappoint-  
ment,  
Memoried achings, bitter tragic losses.

With thine august mournful smile, what art  
Thou Sorrow, — thy sunset strangely pathetic  
o'er

The world's most splendid lives; thy grief,  
regret,

The vague centennials of thy shame? To  
saint

And sin alike, thou dost cohere,

Though weary is the heart within thy breast.

Oh! Why does thy bleeding compact cover  
all?



# THE CALL OF DEATH



## THE CALL OF DEATH

Last of myself — I thought how hard to die;  
To pass without a tear into the stars;  
To leave this fiery glory-colored world of ours,  
And thy dear face; the doubt and dreadful  
fear

When thrust out thence, to go I know not  
where.

At times in truth, it seemed to me that I,  
Beloved, was wrought before the moon or sun,  
Before the fallen angels, darkness, light,  
creation;

Oh! God, where was my soul, where did this  
body lie

Before the cycles of eternity were run;  
The stars turned in their course without the  
sight of man?

Beloved, come nearer. I am conscious still —  
Cold though I feel — passing, passing on.  
Each chill

Of life I have, breathes only on the sight  
Of thee; for see — our love's fire has lit  
The flame of younger immortalities.

Tell me, when first thy soul confessed this  
love?

No!—not through thy tears—I can feel  
above

My heart, thy blood run to thy finger ends.  
Be not worn with grief or blasted by despair;  
If thou wouldst love me longer—wed mem-  
ory to prayer,

The holy whispers of unsundered souls.

Last of myself, I thought how hard to die,—  
Anguish in my anguish, through the gulf of  
space,

Perhaps the fires of Hell—a kindred serpent  
face.

Soul naked now, in fears and sorrows all  
The actions of my life before me lie.

Each past spoke angry word, a panic call  
In black-veiled voices of the great Unknown,  
A-flutter o'er my head in horror shown.

How can I leave these painted toys of earth,  
The memory of thy tears and sweetest mirth?  
Ah, come! Thy lips to kiss—thy heart to  
love,

Thine eyes to see! So near the mystic glow  
Of Death—to feel is better than to know



Sweet touches, interchange, the sound of song,  
In swaying languors unrestrained.

Come! e'er I'm robed in my immortal shape.  
Away my dreams of mystery in the throng  
Of yonder stars! Away these tears that drip  
and make

My soul coward, afraid to sate thy fount of  
love,

Fear-dumb by the nearness of oblivion!

Thou couldst reconcile the farthest planets,  
Reweave the crumbling halls and fill the gap  
with stones,

Breathe into the city's dead or broken bones  
Splendid newer lives—ne'er wrecked by sea  
or wind.

Perhaps to-night will come Chaos in heaven,  
Which Perpetual Happiness cannot assuage;  
As I shall grow and grieve and call the past  
Along the way that leadeth back to thee,  
Until thy name is gilded on the Page.

I'll fondly seek thee with immortal eyes,  
Out o'er the azure distance pure with prayer,  
The song of sleep—between thy soul and  
mine.

Moonbeams will kiss thy garden hedge,—a  
hue

In silver visions, that the pagans knew;  
And clouds made of my tears will rain my  
sighs

Upon thy cheeks and lips and turn thy breasts  
To lilies. At times feel thee my passing  
breath,

A quivering spirit crossed with bars of gold  
and crests,—

A joy, a pain, a prayer—united in eternity.

On, Death! Why do I fear thy doom and  
dazzle,

Thy thunder-scar—thy withered cheek?

Where'er I go, I was ever bound to go,—

My soul, at least, a gem in this decaying heap.

Adieu—my love, my life. Behold! I die!

Once and no more—Ah! make no cry!

# THE CALL OF ETERNITY



## THE CALL OF ETERNITY

Beloved, thou shalt be with me to-night  
In Paradise! upon an emerald hill  
Paling the golden stars. Long have I wait-  
ed,

A tale twixt earth and heaven; watched in  
patience,

Love, ambition, and in prayer. Lonely  
Years upon my soul conjured the perished  
Days of earth, sculptured Time in the slowest  
Clay of History; eternal yearning  
Answered only by the sighs of stars.

Be brave, Beloved, for soon thy pain shall  
pass,

Bitter agony in azure ending.

My spirit's close; the shadows lengthen; the  
life

Beyond—its puzzle now lies near.

High on the pinnacle hang our destinies;

And for the ages that come after,

We'll not sigh. Be brave! Eternal joy

Is safe from Death. Fear not these walléd  
silences;

But weave the tapestries and silks of heaven.  
Be not sorrowed by the griefs of those now  
left

Behind. Sweet is the oblivion of sleep,  
But sweeter far—the sleep beyond oblivion.

Then the rumour of thine illness cast  
Its death-lamp ray into eternity;  
Shed its argent irony as in  
The centuries before, the sprites of Pharaohs  
Gleaned from the perished cities of the Nile.  
The Euphrates dangled like a thread of gold  
Across the plains of sand, as Babylon Kings  
Spilled wine from their holy cups to gods  
Of brass, of bronze, of wood and stone, until  
That magic writing on the plaster of the wall.

I was confused—strangely sad, yet joyful  
'Mid our colonnades of marble echoing  
With discussions of diviner things.

A moment's wound of piteousness—then  
I dreamed afar to earth. A song of day-dawn  
Sending words, a great phantasmal pageant  
Passed upon my spirit solitude:  
The burden of long-waiting years was lifting  
From my soul. Thy mystic breathing comes!

Thy presence soon will be another Sphere  
In Space; a gem rising in silence  
From star to star; lose sense and form;  
A name to mingle in eternity,  
Up-wrapped our souls together in one flame.  
We'll make merry in the jests of constellations,  
Across the golden sands, and timeless shore;  
Nor count the passing hours save to compute  
How they make a closer oneness of us twain.

Thou shalt be a princess in a pearléd  
City, entertained by angels unawares:  
Kings and queens will pay thee homage  
From the dynasties of Babylon to Napoleon.  
Thou shalt be mine Empress, o'er whose great  
Domain thy softened whispers thunder in the  
sky.

Forever now thou art to me commended:  
This body feels thy rays last touch,—  
Thy soul recessed—thine eyes, dim urns of  
sleep.

Beloved, I have died and gazing back at life  
Know whereof I speak. I cannot, dare not  
Tell thee more. Later,—within  
This very house to-night—some kindly friend

Will kiss thy brow, deck thee with ornaments,  
Incense, burning candles, and the sweetness of  
Scattered flowers. Thou wilt be a memory  
Of beauty. They will discuss the sallies of  
thy wit

And past accomplishments. But from me thou  
Shalt be learning thy spirit's grandest consum-  
mation.



## HEAVEN AND MEMORIES



## HEAVEN AND MEMORIES

Welcome, my Beloved, to Paradise!—  
The portal ending thy sad mortal span;  
Past griefs and shadows, all thy wanderings,  
Deep buried in Divine Immensity.  
Thy shining eyes and once remembered smile  
Waft mystic winds and seething sprays of  
souls, —  
The murmuring of our Love's Oblivion  
Flung o'er the arches of eternity.  
Wan wreaths evoke the labyrinths of spirits'  
Deepest reaches. My lips, with God's, im-  
press  
A holy kiss upon thy brow — communion  
Of thy soul with mine: Benediction touches  
us twain —  
The apparelling of phantoms — no passage  
here  
But those of angels, consecrated to their God.  
At thy death last night, Beloved, my presence  
watched  
Aside thy bed. Clasped thee close, much lov-  
ing, —

More, so much more than thou knewest. I  
Now glimpsed along thy wall's empaling grief  
Soft footsteps—the heart-aches of thy friends  
below.

This very Heaven rocks in recollection!

I kissed thy fevered brow and liliated cheeks.  
Afar the grieving stars dripped tears, tender  
Lights came down to bear thy soul away.

“Does she move, or breathe?” “Speak—  
Speak!”

The frailty of thy life, in distance fading,  
An inward victory by an outward loss.  
Sleeping, thou wert austerely beautiful  
And yet sublimely sad,—thy blood in crimson  
Passioning pale and fearful of eternity.

Hark! the angels' greeting,—half-veiled  
blended

Cadences to Immortality,  
Hidden choristers' divinist prayer,  
A soul's soft winding clue of melody!  
This strange device of music—magic in  
The touch of God—upbears us in this time-  
less

Tide, where ages are but strains that mingle

In eternal waves and fade in stresses,  
On the triads of the Infinite.

My soul's a dwelling now for memory,  
Sweet even in the palace door of Heaven.  
What meshes have I woven for thy spirit?  
Weaved perhaps beneath a younger sun,  
Weaved in truth before that sun was ever  
wrought

From off the Blazing Fabric of yon Deity!  
Thine eyes were fountains in their cradle days,  
To break the drought of sombre Destiny.  
Scarce were our souls conceived before the  
stars,

Than Heaven was our final trysting place.

Beloved, thou art an inspiration, with  
Immortal hands decked in rubies which  
The fiercest suns could woo. Unimpassioned  
Beauty in a royal flame, thy life  
Is ever in its mirthful infancy  
And still in thought supreme. E'er changing  
visions

Pass, laughing strangely, but so pure in mood.  
Through groves of jeweled nets, o'erhang the  
ripened

Counsels of felicity — frail

But fadeless tender leaflets never drooping, —  
Plastic spirits in immortal texture, —  
An iridescent, opal, mystic, dreamful dream-  
ing;

All joy, all reticence and prayer enact  
And chant the mystery of the Trinity.

My snow-white swan upon an azure river,  
In languors thou shalt ever be caressed, —  
A silken stream through an emerald vale,  
Brightly vast, — shadows quivering to  
The falls of sleep. Thou hast the ecstasy  
Of seeking, on the flow of Perfect Happiness  
attained,  
Tranquil intermissions in repose,  
Foam-bells teeming o'er eternal Play.

Still, still I peer in wistful membranes,  
O'er tree-tops 'neath the stars — to mortals'  
earth.

Thy face, thy human voice, breath as tiny  
Flakes of snow, wonder-filled in merriment!  
Can'st thou not remember from afar  
A little girl all shaking down her curls;  
The garden of thy country-side, where the first  
Dream petals of our love broke flower; whis-  
pers,

The secret kiss, the summer's afternoon,  
The old pergola twined in climbing rose,  
Thy tender arms around my shoulders thrown;  
Farewells repeated o'er and o'er; rippling  
Sounds, the evening green, with sweeter sweet-  
ness

In the air, our senses' ecstasy,  
The caressive touches of thy hands — a fire  
Unto thy finger tips — thy soul into my soul?

'Twas a wondrous tale of wondrous love!  
Ah! Even here thy spirit eyes are tremulous  
In tears. I dreamed of Allah's Paradise,  
Stripped bare thy beating heart to flower  
there.

No, No! Thou need'st not worry lest I say it —  
Though memory is oft the greatest ritual  
Of enduring joy. A master-mistress  
Of a bliss that's past, reflecting makes  
Eternal bliss that's now. As we are minded  
So our lives have been — erstwhile Beloved,  
Could we be here in Paradise? Were this  
Profane that I recall it all — unroll  
In Heaven such tapestries of human love?

'Twere useless dear to try and break the spell.  
I think these very memories are parts

Of that great Spark Divine, the ashes of  
The past on incense-pyres of Happiness,  
Urns of sweetest bliss from other worlds,  
Cinders into beauty from the grave  
Blown on breezes to eternity,  
Soft-mysticism — amber glow of moonlight  
Rich with shadows of an Orient night.

Beloved, adoring sadness in thy melodies,  
Still all compensative was their tenderness.  
In jewelled draperies around thee, bending  
low,  
Thy beauty yielded beauty to the Dawn.  
Dipped in passion as the rose, thy form,  
Its perfume then was but the incense of thy  
soul.

These Immortal Tides are long enough to sing  
And glow around the chalice of a perfect hour.  
In sweetest liquor of the "times that were"  
Accept a drop from o'er a crimson rim  
The Sacrament was vowed upon His shrine.

Our wedding day! — October morn — the an-  
cient  
Church with vines on stones a-creeping — ver-  
dant  
Trees, scattered blossoms — lullabies



Of mating birds! Oh! I thought, my bride,  
that noon

I walked the golden highway of the stars:  
My soul dreamed naught could be — as such is  
here to-day.

Come! kneel, Beloved, in one appeal, though  
succor

Is not needed or denied; nor loss  
Of one another's gain — cradled in  
Divine Equality. A garden's 'round  
Our souls for whispering to Him — no words  
Of pleading here to solve prayer's mystery.

Eternal magic in eternal air,  
Eternal music o'er eternal prayer!  
Closer spirits, closer angels, closer  
Souls — still closer, thee, Beloved! Majestic  
Heaven! fill our beings, thy floods in solemn  
Harmony uplift us to thy realms  
Untrod, — thence thy sun-rays whirl us to  
The cloud, where 'throned in His Omnipotence sits God!



POEMS OF LOVE AND PASSION



## A PROPOSAL

Beloved, I love thee! With such words  
wouldst thou

Have further pleading? Thou canst o'er-  
hear the beating

Of my heart. Take it, and give me in  
Exchange thy soul! The unexpected mov-  
ings

Of our lives should henceforth be together.

Be my wedded wife: put in my arms

What Fate decreed mine own,—calm days  
of peace,

And sweetest ecstasies, one heart, one honour.

Death through cycles in one day elapse;

Through centuries our souls together soar  
away.

Yet it seems, Beloved, we've loved before:

Oh! canst thou not remember—a sort of  
palace

Casement, nine hundred and a thousand years  
Ago? The little hill of Calvary loomed

Three crosses 'gainst the sky: Perhaps we  
met,

Even when the Spirit of God breathed life  
Into a planet, and the moon first dimmed  
In cold tranquility the day, the wild stars  
Later bathed the blacker harmony of night.

Canst thou feel the memoried ache of my  
Embraces — perhaps some Prince of Egypt I,  
Like those strange men portrayed in histories,  
Or in the pictures hanging here upon the wall?  
Thou sat upon a stately bed, thy jewels  
A-shiver as pearls upon the shallow  
Reefs beneath the glitter of the rising sun.

We might recall old Socrates, wisdom,  
Joy and pleasure, aeons drunk with Eastern  
Passion, pompous temples, doors of beaten  
gold,  
An Alexandrian sky blinking with a million  
eyes.

Ah! even in that day, thy spirit hungered;  
But all without the everlasting Bread of Life.

But whether or no, thou didst caress the kings  
Of distant stars, before this Earth was mould-  
ed

Into Space; or thou wert cherished by  
A Babylon prince in the derision of  
A heathen dawn, I know now, that thou art  
mine!

In life, in love, in soul, unto Eternity!

### THREE WORDS

Beloved! I love thee! Ah, what an essay in  
Three words—writ down in fire from off a  
golden

Quill,—a sentence stole from out the rifled  
Treasury of my soul. No magic art  
E'er yields a cure for love—no stone-age  
Monuments outlive the masonry  
That thou dost weave about my heart.  
Thou shalt be my day-dawn in eternity,  
My sunrise 'round the sapphire cup of  
Heaven.

I feel thine auburn hair and kiss thy liliated  
Cheek, whose whiteness breaks to rose. Be-  
loved,

The fields of life are sprinkled for our joy.  
I understand the pulse from o'er thy secret  
soul;

I learn the languors of thine unseen sea;  
No real world anywhere but in thine arms,  
Where earth becomes a ruby in Love's crown,  
And from its setting leaps into a flame.



Thy voice is magical — each word a vision  
Versed in stanzas of divinest symmetry.  
Thine eyes — two dynasties of wondrous power —

Urns oft-times perhaps in quiet slumber —  
Great gems as suns upon the breast of day.

Behold! the galleons of our love! Last  
night! —

Shall I forget it e'er I die — those dreams  
Of mine, which now have all come true? A  
chamber

Rich in tapestries as Arabs spin,  
Perfumed with fragrance of an Orient bloom!  
A maze and glow and mystic quivering,  
A dreamful joy in sweeter raptures ending!  
Thou there, Beloved — in all supreme sur-  
render,

Loose thy hair in soft profusion hanging,  
One sleeping wave of bliss to oceans waken-  
ing, —

Three words — upon each crest of passion  
burning!

## IDYLL

Sweet hour of Night, within thy solitude—  
Thy wandering sleep and silent course advanced

In realms occult—and overruling power,  
I met a woman, angel pure and like  
A dove in tint and melody, her wings  
Unfolded on nocturnal sands—through air  
allured

To solitary caves and darker woods.

We strolled a-near a cool rillet—background  
A garden kiosk canopied in flowers,  
'Twixt grottoes dimly glittering with a shelly  
floor.

The Night's eclipse of phantoms, dreams, and  
rest

Was stirred and lit in mystic parts by touch  
Of stars and lidless eyes of moon. The silver  
Stream laughed out aloud—then played a  
song

Keyed high upon such rippling undercurrents,  
As waked the fairies from the bank and glen.

Our thoughts were written on the velvet sheen,  
And through the fringes of the forest shone  
An after-glow which crept to vibrant harmonies.

O'er-hanging shadows, silent, vast and fragrant

With perfumes, wafted strangely near, in half-awed

Dreamy moods, 'mid tangled vines and brush:  
Above the shooting stars and destined spheres  
Were strayed in limitless oblivion.

Carelessly we kissed with soft caress,  
Our spirits gliding from tranquility,  
While round us weaved a thousand gentle forms,

In binding chains of complex passions rife.

The dance of twin lights from intensest eyes,  
A thought suppressed — then mingling of the breath,

Glowing and glowing, and closer and still more close —

All visions lost to me in Happiness.

Night's silver canopy of clouds unrolled,  
Shredded and flown adown to tree tops high;  
Then whispered Love along the fretted shore,  
From o'er the waves of future heritages.

## TRANSCENDENT LOVE

In all the world, the greatest thing is Love,  
Through shadowed sorrow to eternity—  
A touch of more that is, and e'er shall be,  
At whose Beyond we may not know, but feel  
Her vestal guardians of Happiness,  
Jeweled arms and cymbals held aloft  
As pagan spirits on a fairy craft,  
Sail crests of seas, where passions ebb and  
flow,

In rhythmic tumult of unconscious grace.

Truth drops her veil before the wand of Love,  
As the flower from silken petal breaketh forth  
In dawning glow and veins of liquid fire,  
Magic, amethystine, rich and deep,  
In forest aisles and dancing disks of sunlight:  
Then whirlwinds gulf into a quietude,  
Upon sweet undercurrents, mystic, thin,  
That bid all Nature from her sleep awake,  
To sing the songs which only Love can sing.

By disappointed faith and fortune's wrong,  
I drop anon into the ebon Past,

O'er some far silent sea I never knew  
To roofs in Nineveh and Babylon.  
Above the stars droop jewel-wise, as velvet  
Water lilies breathe their argent raptures  
In the night. A-near the sands of a desert  
Whirl into the entrance of my tent  
Delirious mirage of pagan Love.

I feel her black curls touch me—scented  
zephyrs

O'er my soul, reversing fate on fragrant  
Wings. Chaldeans girdled in vermilion—  
Eternal spirit of the woman—in rippling  
Laughter overflow and wound each other  
Unaware. Night to dawn lights lengthen—  
Concubines in robes of multicolor,  
Eyes all lustrous in consuming gaze,  
Quaff deeply in this ancient Cup of Bliss.

If anything be greater than the gods,  
'Tis Love! She dwells in Eden still, where  
ages

Of Eastern Passion made her hue, and taint-  
less

Lips to kiss the magic hours of  
All Time—its hurricanes and spectres so  
Perplexed adown the darkest centuries,  
To the Asiatic dawn on Calvary.

Awakened now, her angels' wings are seen  
Warm, sunburnt, beneath the Present skies,  
In touch of which the purest spirits meet  
And Heaven itself, with all its joys brought  
    near  
By the sound in trumpet call — Transcendent  
    Love.

## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Love came triumphant to my soul last night,  
As music breathes from Heaven's noblest  
sphere —

A tender, careless, acquiescent flight,  
Mist-veiled in ringlets of a thousand curls.  
She then, I know well, ends the world's de-  
spair,

The aching loss in souls from deepest pain  
To ecstasy of love and Love's great ties —  
Her joys, her quests, and sovereign disdain,  
Dark eyes, ruby lips, and teeth of pearls  
To melting words, as soft as summer's air.

The yielding sweet expression of her face,  
From soft converse in smiles, to love-gemmed  
tears

Of Passion like the season, wildered heart and  
place.

I gazed and gazed again, my every glance  
Like lightning on her brow: brief space to  
years

Weaved in her treasured, sun-gold wondrous  
hair.

Listless there, dream-drowsy in a perfumed  
trance

Encircled by my arms lies Love. Sweet sur-  
render!

A maze of misty flame — sun-splendor!

'Tis that, I know, makes all the world so fair.

Soft-footed Asiatics trailed this Love,  
Greeks ankleted, in gems or togas bright;  
As old her slaves as those who watch above —  
Peplum purpling and rich balconies o' night —  
Adown the winding stairs of History.

Mystery — strange, sleep-swaying scents —  
through

Lips, rose-liquor that the sphinxes knew;  
Beauteous eyes and cheeks the angels have  
caressed,

Hers was the perfume o'er the martyrs' shrine;  
By theme and song her tenderest mood ex-  
pressed.

Oh! Past, well dost thou know this Love of  
mine!



## MY LOVE

Dearest, there is no one above thee that  
I love! That is my answer now and for  
All time. Remember this through coming  
suns!

Remember this before our Final Judge!  
Before the treasure He has given us,  
To mould our deeds for His all just Assize.

What use to so pretend and hide the truth?  
Thou standest to me alone as soul is joined to  
soul,

Heart, brain, body, all in life or dream  
'Neath paling stars and singing winds at  
dawn,

To waving plains where flame-like flowers  
bloom,

And vanish with us on the wings of night.

Sweetest eyes that I have ever seen,  
Are there such stars in all the firmament,  
Or seas more conscious of such wondrous rays?  
Youthful laughter, fearless, frank, and free!

Weeping — each tear is but a gem light'ning  
Skies into a flame of everlasting Day.

Life and Death agree that I have loved  
Thee, in those farthest ages, where Man and  
Earth

Were still the Breath of God, and souls were  
merely

Vapors in a Space all planetless.

There we dreamed of fabled lands — in mystic  
chrism

Plucked Love from out the brighter particles  
of star-dust.

Can I ply my feelings as I think of thee —  
Earth responding to a heaven's smile,  
A halo o'er each thought in blissful-setting —  
Those aches of partings, or that thou dost suffer

For a moment in the countless ends  
That call me from thy presence? Oh! loyal  
troth!

I bless thy name, thy touch, the tender cadences

Of thy voice — golden harmonies in the  
stresses

Of Life's Pain. It takes courage in my heart  
To realize that thou are mine, but still,  
Still greater courage to know that thou must  
leave

Me for the realms of un conjectured space,  
A dimming land, where sad-eyed ghosts walk  
only.

Thy cheeks to snow in paling Death, those  
eyes

Twin urns of sleep, thy gorgeous-wingéd soul,  
Like some strange bird, sweeps up in silent  
flight

To waiting angels and their whispered tales.

Oh love, my love! In thy twilights take me,  
Bird of Death,

To her that makes the music all things sing,  
O'er time, o'er space, o'er height, o'er depth—  
beyond

Unto the rich-crown jeweled seat of Paradise.

## LAST NIGHT, BELOVED!

Last night, Beloved, I saw thee in a dream,  
With tears of wistful wonder in thine eyes,  
Unfolded petals, pearled with silvery sheen,  
All tender, mystic, luminous of Love's skies.  
Adown from stars to night-wrapt hidden  
things,

Thine ebon locks and breath, like incense-  
wings,

In soft confusion intertwined my soul.

Deep longing, clinging glance to tremorous  
roll,

In subtle scents of Moorish paradise,  
Strange emotions, frantic mad desire —

A ray of bliss, a kiss akin to fire!

Then all my secrets grew defined in shape,  
To worship thee, for just great Worship's  
sake.

Closer pressed we in serene ascension,  
Twining hair, alluring arms, in blushing  
wake

Up-burning in the glowing halls of Passion.

Veined rich through marble tints before my  
sight,  
'Mid shadows' lengths of languor unrestrained,  
I watched thy Beauty yield with fond delight.  
From olden years, so long ago now waned,  
I heard thy sweetest music — e'er unsate:  
Eternal were we twain therein combined  
Through space afar — not Time's, but Love's  
sublime.

## COULD I FORGET!

Ah! Could my wakening spirit but forget  
The pain, the pang, and wrong and vain regret

That fills my life's horizon, — a sense of wings  
A-rift into the peerless golden cloud

Of Love; her mists extinguished; broken  
strings

O'er beauty flesh and blood, night-wrapt and  
proud,

Touched with the jeweled fingers from the  
sorrower's arm;

Nearer, yet nearer, secret sad alarm,

Thirsting anguish, chill of hopeless grief,

In sunset skies where daylight now hath fled.

Dumb the lips and breath that gave relief,

And crowned my life with all its gentle grace;

Those arms that softly twined, warm, turquoise veined

Around me—such hours never more regained!

So far away the laughter, song and glee,

The up-surge in the world tides distraught  
Of other scenes in olden days, care free,  
In passion measureless — trembling caught  
Foam-flung, 'twixt boundless oceans unre-  
strained!

So tired of struggle, stress, strife and pain, —  
As back the shoreless sea, and back again  
Its darkening glens and half-concealed things!  
The numbing fragrance of the Past — her  
eyes

Laid on me with the weight of destinies!

Love's glow, sweet touch, close-merging soul  
embrace

Brings Heaven itself, with all its joys o'er  
head

To throbbing whispers; tender heart-beats set  
So partly human but more part divine.

Ah! Could my wakening spirit but forget  
My Love now dead, but once so wholly mine!

## CONSUMMATION

In a garden, soul to soul we met and loved —  
Listless languor by stone-parapets,  
Leaf-dance ripple, sense of minor thirds,  
Stars above, a language not of words;  
Vows and raptures — life's sweetest flowerets.

Roving minstrels strolled unto the feasts,  
Our thoughts upon their strings in tinselled  
air,

To woodlands where clove-footed gods had  
sung;

Where consenting dear Companionship had  
rung

From bells that melted tenderly to prayer.

Afar o'er dale translucent waters moved,  
Enthralling sounds through sequence of the  
hours.

I was the Night and she the Moonlit-Glow,  
Her curls all ill-arranged and veil so low,  
O'er Passion wakening in this love of ours.

I'm still the Night and there's the Moonlit-  
Glow,

But as I see her ebb in Time's great sky,



No more the sweetness of her love-wrung ray.  
That chaste white face is now conjured to  
clay

Of hardest light. Erewhile, alone am I.

With crawlings o'er me, numbness in the air,  
Upon my throat, my breast, my arms, my hair,  
Gliding skeletons arise to sight

In elfish weeds and wands of swirling light—  
The horrors of a Beauty vilely used,  
Staring, ever doomed to stare—such hues  
Down-bending Parasite of circumstance.

Shimmering procession and a giddy dance  
That overcrests the pathway of the clouds,  
Revels nebulous, that cheat the days  
In look malign and cold accusing gaze;  
Silver drooping rays of compromise,  
False most gems that shine beneath the stars;  
Phantasmagoria and a soulless glance,  
Waveless waters—and my eyes are fed  
On a Moonlit-Glow: 'twere better Death  
would wed.

## CONSOLATION

I watch at eve thy bright inquisitive eyes  
As slowly wane the twilight hours away,  
In conquering sense and tender earthly ties,  
To mystic night bedewed in silver ray.  
The vine-leaf shades around us—flower to  
flower

Sip a store from thyme and inmost bower.

Love seems abroad and all of thee a part  
In murmurous secrets of the growing night.  
I feel the warm blood beat about my heart,  
Like waves o'erflowing summer seas, fleece-  
white

Mist-thin surge, around a wrecked ship's beam  
From off whose drooping mast past sorrows  
gleam.

There let those billows try to soften doom;  
The leaden years no charms can ever lift,  
But sink and sink with Time into the tomb,  
Crushed thence in anguish, echoes of my Love  
adrift

On mimic smiles, false joys in endless quest  
That only Death may bring at last to rest.

No! No! Why think of that with thee so  
near?

Be this our dwelling—this pale silent night,  
Whose walls they touch not, who know love  
less dear.

Some bond of Nature draws me to this light  
Of a thousand thousand petals in moon-eyed  
bliss,

A bed of roses—lilies—then thy kiss.

How can it matter now—that Love of mine,  
This useless pining o'er things vanished,  
dead—

A Past bereaved, which should have been  
divine

In custom living, side by side, instead?  
To deeply love—'tis never to be sent  
Full Consolation—e'en for an hour lent.

Oh, upstart lips that speak pretentious lies  
'Mid all the venom of a warring world,  
Your kiss is but a touch that I despise,  
So near the Sorrow of those sails now furled!  
Thy face is hideous in the silvered light  
Of a Love now gone, but mine—all mine, by  
Right!

Come, Sorrow, let us hence — some quiet land,  
Burn thy noble torch and bear it high;  
Feel no compunction on a jasmine-scented  
sand,  
For they are grain on which all loves will die.  
We may be bruised and wrapped in suffo-  
cating pain,  
But with Honour, Truth, and Destiny not  
slain.

## I OFTEN THINK

I often think, were I to die, dear,  
To sleep, to feel, to pray there in that Realm,  
    So far away,  
Some thrill of tender sympathy,  
We had had, or dreamed, or known, or loved,  
    We two alone,  
Would startle, then recarry me  
From Exile back to Life again.

I often think, were I in my grave, dear,  
Beneath the forest deep or vine-clad walls,  
    Thine eyes in grief  
Would drop seeds of such sweet sorrow  
That my heart would rise — break into a rose,  
    And recognize  
Thy tears of Love upon its petals,  
As the richest jewels from Paradise.

## LOVE'S APPEAL

In vain, in vain, I try to tell thee, dear,  
My love.

I choose the sweetest words, that e'er were writ  
Above

The notes of cadenced harmonies to thrill  
Thy heart,—

Attune the tend'rest measures of my soul  
Apart

From this great world of waste and pain, so  
dreary,  
Dark

With hates and greeds and blaze of war.

In vain, in vain, I try to tell thee, dear,  
Through tears

That drip from eyes at night, wearied and sad  
With fears

That thy forgotten love, in arms rebelled  
May die;

Erewhile when ills and sorrows, moist regrets  
Are nigh

To thee, this bleeding heart in veins of Hate  
May cry,

In memories of those raptures, vain entreaties,  
    Woes,  
Then burn itself in torturing flames 'til Death's  
    Last throes  
Will quench the fire that once was Love  
divine.





POEMS OF EGYPT, ETC.



## THE SPELL OF EGYPT

There's a splendid hush about this place, —  
A seal upon these ancient mysteries  
Of Nile and star and Cleopatra's face.

O mighty Pyramid, empurpled in thine  
Omnipotence! Thou art not the work  
Of mortal man, but the huge Conception of a  
spirit  
Diadem'd upon the Sand of Time.

Mosques with your passion for prayer,  
Sphinx with thy passion for silence,  
Bazaars with your passion for gain,  
Streets with your passion for music  
And pleasure — enter ye all into my soul,  
That I may feel my first infiltration of another  
life.

Egypt!  
Why dost thou engrave thyself  
So strangely on the tablets of my mind?  
Dost thou channel through my veins to gain a  
dream  
Or to regain lost dreams of old?

Art thou here to help me lose a creeping sorrow,  
Or to recreate in me the rapturous ecstasy of  
bygone passion;  
Or art thou present merely to make me understand the treasures  
Of Romance and of History that breathe within  
thy bosom?

## DREAM O' NILE

Egyptian baccharis! I dream a dream  
Through topaz glow, in the chalice of thy  
royal mysteries:

I lay o'er barge upon the Nile, and glean  
The agony of thy fading centuries.

A fluttered flight with eyes wide o'er to see,  
I dropped anon into entangling twilights,  
Past nymphs in gossamer gowns out-floating  
free,

Where other forms and forces try to solve  
The laughter in thy Labyrinths — the silvered  
nights

Around thy granite temples, — thence evolve  
To gardens flecked with robes in Ptolemys'  
rites.

Adown these shimmering mystic paths I  
walked;

To painted kings and jewelled queens I talked,  
In irised chambers of old revelry.

I sipped from cups moulded o'er the Chryso-  
lite;

Played hide and seek with rapturous Aphro-  
dite;  
Pressed amorous lips and caressive breasts  
all ivory.

Nubians with flowers and with peacock fans,  
Adrift is Cleopatra and her love-bought bliss:  
The jealous moon winks back her tears and  
wanes:

The queen athirsts for power in the Roman's  
kiss.

Low a purple lilac o'er the Nile,  
Strangely chill the sandy winds tonight;  
Richest monuments and pylons there erewhile,  
And cold red obelisks of dead divinities;  
Satyrs a-creep from out the Sphinx's eyes, and  
sight

To me on senseless stones great Histories.

Afar to Lybian desert a lute string trilled,  
Drowned by the wingéd sweep of Basilisk;  
A-near a crocodile the air in terror filled;  
Peered o'er the banks the monster Hippo-  
griffs.

I saw the stars all trembling in the heaven,  
Wan wreaths around the Monoliths atwist:

From amber foam of Nile I counted seven,  
As birds flew out the temples' weary glyphs.

The Pyramids huge, fiercely black in hue,  
Stood half way down in moonlit silver rayed,—  
Mighty diadems of Ancients' thew;  
Within Sarcophagi e'er mummies' sprites  
a-preyed.

Hushed and silenced by the splendor of this  
view,  
Struck fear dumb I — my Dream O' Nile dis-  
mayed.

O River, sleep swaying scents in thy wafted  
tresses,  
Past vanished — all away thy dynasties "That  
Were,"

Same are thy ways and still thine old caresses:  
Souls rise and rise — History rests upon thy  
myrrh.

## TO THE SPHINX

I sat at eve time on the Lybian sands,  
And watched Night's shadows creep from up  
the Nile

In languorous attitudes for Egypt's rest.  
Above, the Sphinx purred o'er the dark-ning  
lands,

Reaching skyward in a great caress  
Across the Age of Mystery.

I rose and stood beneath a Peristyle:  
She stooped and pressed me there, erewhile,  
Against her Breasts of History.



## FAREWELL, O EGYPT!

The pink-pearl blush of dawn crept o'er our  
barge

And Alexandria. From silver-fretted  
Night 'mid shifting glooms, the quivering  
palms

Twisted in spirals on the desert's edge;

The moon had paled and drowsed to saffron  
dust;

The stars now closed their diamond eyes and  
wept,

Then fled to shelter as Day touched the sky.

O Egypt, sullen gray, supreme in Time!

From off this prow thine echoes burst in flame,

Lit by the torch of History, each in turn

Full in the arena of this blood-stained world.

Still from shadoof and sakieh rimmed in gold,

Sing this dawn to us thy memories

Of archetypal dreams and loveliness,

Of Ra, and Rameses and Basilisk;

Of Cleopatra and her drones a-bed

Beneath the ambient chambers of the moon;

Of Osiris, Isis, and of Antony,  
Palm-embroidered from patrician Rome.

Farewell thy Pyramids, farewell thy Sphinx,  
Crouching in dead desires and brooding silence;

Farewell terrific temples—abysmal lament  
From a by-gone world—mysterious tombs,  
despairs

Of all the perished races of the earth,  
Cased in mummies or in water sunk.

Farewell thy lateen sails and tiny islands,  
Kissed by the lips of Histories away.

Farewell brown children of the curv'd Nile,  
Your hammocks, floats, your crocodile, your  
songs,

Your prattling truths and dreams in dynasty  
Of Griffins twain and jewelled wine betwixt.

Farewell the patter of the donkey's feet,  
A-near the dragomen and drab bazaar.

Farewell snake charmers and thy courtesans,  
With crystal breasts and eyelids powdered  
blue

'Mid writhes and twists of teeming populace.  
Farewell thine Obelisks—thy sands of  
Ghizeh,

Thy hieroglyphics and thy prophecies,  
Thy minarets and mosques in sunset prayer:  
Farewell immortal, sad, O sacred Egypt,  
Phantasmagoria of a world that's dead,  
Yet diviner thou—through every century.

## THE ANGEL OF MADEIRA

Each eve I lie a-musing on Madeira's hills,  
Erewhile below the sea-tales full of mystery:  
The Life that was my Love has flown o'er  
    waves and rills,  
Into the jeweled shrine of God's Eternity.  
By night and day she sleeps here in a church-  
    yard, features cold  
Beneath the sable robes of Death, — immortal  
    Beauty  
Majestic sweet, — all gleams of earthly glories  
    rolled  
In long-lost loves, to sacred greater purity.  
From purple domes and stately towers, Fun-  
    chal's sunlight  
Gilds her grave in saffron garb; flowers, half-  
    hidden  
In the mosses green, fleck our lore of love  
    laden  
With the rarest dew of Paradise. Disguised  
    at night  
In mazes, opal, iridescent and benign,

These petals peer—a nest of glow-worms—  
o'er her mound,  
Whispering the saddest requiem of human  
kind.

Suddenly towards moon-rise, deep slumbers  
all around,  
In grieving winds and ebbing tides suffused  
with tears,  
Came the fairest angel, poised in flowery  
Wings and draperies 'round her drooping  
low; background  
An architrave with higher temple front, subtly  
Wrought in flaunted lace and silver tinted  
vine.

The thinnest veil obscured her face: nearer  
she drew  
And gazed; in radiance stooped as mortal  
maid; entwined  
My neck, caressed my cheek, then kissed my  
lips—a chaste  
Sweet kiss, soft and warm and thrilled with  
life. Her face  
She turned, then slipped away as adown the  
brighter circle of the moon  
A chariot appeared: she rose from sylvan  
hill.

Too soon  
Are nimble joys of youth by newer sorrows  
rent,  
As dark processions dissolve a dream from  
Heaven, sent  
To awake o'er the myrtle grave Time alone  
has lent.

## ALGIERS

Gold-vestured suns and silver-fretted nights  
O'er Algiers — Allah's sonnet in the tongue of  
France,  
Afric Paris, frenetic with the Marabout,  
A-pointed columns in the air,  
First languors of the East and fair  
With bright illusions, flecked enkindling  
sights,  
Mosques and kiosks — harlots thro' yakmak  
a-glance,  
Polyglot zig-zagging streets to turbaned rue!  
O Sensuous city! How subtly weird thy  
spell!  
Background, translucent sea of dreamland  
blue;  
Thy minarets in tapers to the sky;  
Bedouin inns and clanking dice,  
Cythereas, drab dancing girls to tice  
The dragomans, gendarmes and rake-hell;  
Thy turquoise noons to twilight bronze imbue  
Thro' architraves, thy villas laced to gardens  
high.

Topaz yellowing to sunset crimsoning,  
Gilded muezzins call the prayer,  
Down-floating magic in the air  
O'er mosques nestled into moonlight silvering.  
Fair Southern Cross a-trembling,  
An irised mystic quivering  
To strange emotions soothing,  
A distant cry and droning,  
A castanet a-clanging  
Algiers! — inch' Allah! — sleeping!



WAR AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



## A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Beloved, farewell! 'Tis an ancient tale this  
call

To arms — the grappling will of man to War,  
The mind to mingle in a sense of massacre,  
To reek with blood and clamor for destruc-  
tion;

The earth a wilderness of steel to cut,  
Deface, ensnare, destroy antiquity —  
The sanctuaries of the silenced centuries.

It must be so, Beloved. Yet, O my God!  
To burn thy suffering away to ashes,  
Rather far those Rhenish Huns should lay  
Me low in quailing flesh, — the world a heri-  
tage

Of woe, and fiercest emphasis of rage  
O'erride the greatest cities of heroic  
Dawns, and scourge the fields with wildest  
carnage,  
Than the vision of this pain aglitter in thine  
eyes.

Beloved, weep not—think more of gentle  
hands

To soothe the ache of centuries into  
The intercourse of everlasting love,  
Our marriage here in sunset waning—thy sad  
Possession's but a memory—until  
The holy years of undivided souls  
Wake fragrance in the rain of Paradise.

Each dawn bear to thee sweeter strengths, soft  
fires

Of faith, to curl in incense o'er the shores  
Of Time—griefs in angels' voices ending,  
Through the flowering fields and singing stars,  
that pulse

The arteries of God's transcendent mercy.

In thy days of coming solitude, thy hair  
Shall weave in silver, thy face empale to  
Death,

Ending surface things but to receive  
Their impress final—touchings unawares,—  
Immortal kisses in eternity.

Awake our France! At last thy time has come  
To make a fiery trial of thy great strength.  
For forty years, thou hast abided in  
A dreadful patience for this day, weeping

And waiting—stung beyond commiseration  
Thy people's memory—thy vengeance for  
Sedan.

God stands surety for thee in Heaven,  
As the glitter of thine armour mirrors Hell  
For those who dare oppose thy legions now.  
Show thine imperial strength and sovereign  
power;

Beneath the stillness of these stars, thy fury  
Breathes intense to beckon death in royal  
honour.

A splendid oneness in thy politics,  
There's no alarm and anguish in thy tread,  
Friedland and Austerlitz age-long thy wit-  
nesses.

Revenge our France! That sting—thy vic-  
tory hence!

Farewell, farewell, our little cottage in  
The sheltering green! Farewell, my wife!  
thy soul

My rose upon the battle-plain—each wound  
A petal on the bleeding stem decreed  
To flower in Immortality.

## VICTOR JOFFRE!

The summer's night was falling o'er the  
Marne,

In war-like visage scenes of darkest hue.  
The ancient river waileth with a charm,  
Reflecting, blaze on blaze, the fiery view  
Of thousands, by the millions ranged to fight  
In empty groves and sanctuaries red  
With blood. Paris waited in her plight,  
Patient, all majestic, calm and splendid,  
Through those maddening hours of uncertainty.

Earth and Hell in masterful embrace,  
Amazed all mortal birth. Anxiety  
Upon a seat supreme, watched—her face  
Withered in the loud discordant deep,  
Profoundly changing from ideal to doubt,  
As goring engines shrieked and crushed and  
reaped.

Men and horses' armour interlaced,  
Cursing, creeping, swimming, wading, sinking,  
ing,

With heads all skull-like — voices all confused,

O'er torsos, scaled fingers gory joining.

A distant crash, to carnage and to strife

Beneath the trembling light of pallid moon,

Where ages past were masked, then brought to life

A double range of horrors there exhumed.

The shades of kings like Attila arise

In ruddy reflex 'cross his Chalon-plain,

Where nights exaggerate the giant size

Of human shapes, and mustering ranks aflame,

From phantoms' charnel house to warriors',  
shout.

A-sudden midst these teeming Hellish eyes,

A central figure stood; said "Turn about!"

And drew himself in profile terrible,

As fortune swelled and swayed to coming rout

Uncertain still, for victory horrible.

Those words instant were mightier than arms,

For whose command in fire grand France  
awoke

Transfused in bloody wreaths, and deep  
alarms

That echoed forth to Heaven. His legions  
broke

Upon the Hun—pursued and vanquished,  
gulfed

In Chaos. There calm and stern, stood—  
Victor Joffre.



## OUR FLAG IN THE DESERT

A piastre, O night! for a crust of mirth  
'Mid sorrow, plight, and war grown salutary.  
A piastre, O moon! thou withered dame of  
lustrous

Ray, for the swooning tresses of youthful fire  
That teemed like the skins of snakes in gold.  
A piastre, O stars! with the lidless eyes for  
your lights

Of love, and gleams of prayer and joys that  
curled

In the children's hair, in the dreams of youth  
'mid the things

That lived to the whirl of the things that are.

A piastre, O desert! with thy sandy floor,  
With thy blasting blizzard and caravan,  
For the Wizard of Peace, though his eyes are  
dimmed

In the blazing and streaming of war;  
For there's a Flag with Stars on thy cold grey  
face

And Stripes interweaving to strangle old  
Mars.

A piastre, O night! stars, desert, and moon!  
Soon kissed by these colours that wave in far  
lands, —

France, Belgium, Italia, and Egypt, — per-  
chance

The Oasis of Peace will rise there in the sands.

## LIFE'S FALLACY

All seeming hollow, all thy joys are naught!  
When deem'st thou fortune is within thy hand,  
Its golden wings and heralds athwart thy way,  
The lowlier bed of sickness yawns for thee:  
The House of Death cannot be bought with  
wealth.

The lamps of honour are pretentious lights,  
But darken quickly in the vicious Draught.  
Pledge a piastre for the truth of this, —  
With joys thou hast thy friends in webs,  
With griefs thou weavest alone in heart.

## WHERE FLOWN, O PEACE?

O Peace, that lies within Beloved Arms  
Of Fate, part of whose Will we are,  
In a world of Chaos stumbling, yearning for  
Thy throbs of Joy and Light. 'Tis vain this  
    badge  
Of blood, this vengeance, storm, and plague  
    that bind  
And strike thy sons to-day, red spurting out  
Of orphaned mouths, while fiends and furies  
    rush  
To make a Hell-Home in the Dreams of God.  
Where flown, O Peace, 'mid voiceless echoes  
    crying  
"Dead and dead!" — these denizens and soul-  
    less shapes  
And torpors, tombstones gaunt and white  
That empty Future of all heritages?  
Where art thou 'mid this burn and waste  
    'neath heavens  
Deaf to anguished cries lock-lipped and rid-  
    ing

To o'er conquer Time? Where art thou on  
That boundless sea, that Life's great vessels  
sailed

Before the winds of calm Intelligence?  
Where lost thine anchor in this seething surf  
Of warring men, that beat a phantomed air  
Of lacerated souls and mangled hearts?

Where flown thy flowers, dells, and rippling  
laughter,  
Thy warbling birds and dancing children's  
feet?

Where are thy clustering vines, thy hamlets  
astir

With valiant knights, half-dreaming over Na-  
ture's

Fields, thy lakes that dazzled beneath the sky  
Along whose shores, in fragrance full of dam-  
ask-rose,

White-winged swans made cradle of the  
waves?

Surely, Great Peace, thou hast not left the  
earth,

Her domes and palaces so bathed in red,  
Which once thy touch of love and genius lent!  
Return Environment with clarion note

And hurl these Shades from off thy chiseled  
brow

That rive thy body and thy soul apart.

Cities, rivers, mountains veined in blood!

Battlefields and prisons reeked in gore!

Grinning skeletons, dead in Ambition's shriek!

Morbid Mirror! feasting in curses and with

Burning brow—hide thy scarlet furrowed  
face!

Where flown, O Peace?

Sweet Halo, come and break  
Yon smile of iron lips nightmared from out  
the mouth of Hell.

## TO MY FATHER

I kneel, my father, here beside thy grave  
Of tender careless myrtle, grown  
In the setting suns of five and twenty years  
Now past forevermore, from this sad earth;  
My mind still full of thee, therefore still  
noble.

Could words express the story I've to tell thee  
Of this my life, or what I've left to live?  
Shut not thy soul against thy son's appeal,  
When all this world to-day cries out so loud;  
But as thou art my godlike father still,  
And wouldst have me come to a life as thine —  
Listen with tender fondness on my sorrows:  
Then from those eyes that I did worship so,  
Let fall some tears of pity and of love,  
Wounded a little, by the sufferings I relate —  
Of unregarded oaths and trusts so broken  
In lies, hypocrisies, and frailties  
Of womanhood — its rotting weeds and broken  
boughs,  
Though sacraments and faithfulness were  
pledged;

The blind progression and reverse result  
On this vile earth of war, — the petty jangling  
For everlasting fames and shameless prides.

Life, ask life — 'tis wretchedness and poverty  
To breathe e'en for a few years longer here!  
Thou who wert so faithful, generous, valiant,  
Just look upon me with thine eyes of mercy,  
Although they ache with gazing here from  
Heaven —

And tell me, tell me, in surety the truth!  
There are no days accursed as these apart,  
Where thou my father with the angels art.



## TIME

O sacred Time! forever lost  
On rapid wings  
Of wasted days and careless years.  
All tender things,  
Thy proffered joys and truths have crossed  
The stream of youthful arts, while tears  
Now drip upon the cheeks of age  
By Fate assigned.  
With waves of woes and crests of rage,  
Despair's ensigns  
Are sicklied o'er by memories bright,  
Then dashed, confined  
By Hopelessness to night.

## DEATH

Death! is it thou whom bravest souls do fear  
With direst awe? Art thou that storm on  
Time's

Foam-fretted shore that launches spirits to  
Eternity? Art thou that tempest in  
The sea of Life blowing forthwith a wind  
In thunderbolts that shakes again Creation  
back

To its original atoms? Death—to cease  
To be; life's wits end in consternation  
O'er not being what we've been before;  
Where all that's past is lost and being past  
Was lost the instant we did live. Death—  
A moment's work disguised through years of  
fear—

The folly of it! losing blood by drops  
From passioning veins but lowlier clay withal.  
This fearing death disquiets all the rests  
Of life in these our fleshly prisons,  
Reviving, creeping to calamity.

THE IRISHMAN'S DREAM  
A Dramatic Poem



# THE IRISHMAN'S DREAM

A Dramatic Poem in Two Scenes

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR ROGER BURKE	<i>An Irish Patriot</i>
LADY GLORIA	<i>His Wife</i>

TIME—Autumn, A. D. 1916

PLACE—London

SCENE I :

*A prison cell in the Tower of London. A window strongly barred letting in a flood of moonlight. Perfect quiet save for the pacing back and forth of the heavy prison guard.*

[*Enter LADY GLORIA, attired in deep black—hair all disheveled.*

SIR ROGER BURKE *rises from his couch, throws his arms about his wife and kisses her passionately.*]

BURKE (*tenderly*).

Gloria! Gloria! With thee here this  
very pit  
Is glorious!

GLORIA.

Life has no more in it but thee.

BURKE.

This amorous night—at least we will  
procure

Our purpose, all rejoicing in our joy.

GLORIA.

Many days more!

BURKE.

Alas, no more!

GLORIA.

Why?

BURKE (*slowly releasing her*).

No one can save me, Gloria.

GLORIA.

I begin to see amid this gloom. Speak  
plainly.

BURKE.

I'm strong, yet cannot at this moment  
feel it.

GLORIA.

I shut my eyes again, my love! my love!

BURKE.

How beautiful thou seemest in this light,  
Like a miser do I kiss those tears away.

GLORIA.

My flesh anticipates thy fate; tell it me.

BURKE (*bitterly*).

Hear! The appeal is lost, the Crown has  
spoken —

From hence this Tower tomorrow morn  
— a traitor

I'm condemned to die. Perhaps a great  
Decree for history — though pitiful

It seems to us, abridged in the pain of  
parting.

GLORIA (*vehemently*).

Quickly — is there aught wherein I still  
can serve thee?

I reckoned not my husband to this law.

Upon thy soul there is no stain transmit-  
ted.

BURKE.

'Tis true, my heart, as tender moon shines  
on

Thy tumbled hair.

GLORIA.

Oh! Base adversities!

Your British gold — and painted justice  
blind!

BURKE.

To leave the sweet and music of our lives,  
The countings on long years for pleasure  
here;

Those hills we loved, and meads a-trem-  
bling with the dew;

The waking daffodils and the languid  
note of birds!

It seems so far away, — the ribboned light  
Of Erin's golden dawns, the streamlet  
frail and sheen

That wafted a-near our little cottage  
down

To the great white surges. We stood to-  
gether beneath

The morning star—its magic through a  
thousand rills:

We laughed out o'er the riches of our  
garden.

GLORIA (*through her tears*).

Aye! Thou a fawn and I, a woodland  
nymph.

BURKE.

The call of day came basking clear and  
free.



GLORIA (*sadly*).

Cold death and withered wreaths, all  
shadows now.

(*With sudden fury*)

Such crafts of law seduced to such ends!

Is reason here so mightily corrupted?

Frank justice dwells within our blood—  
that blood

Once spilled, is clotted on unequal scales.

BURKE (*bitterly*).

The ghosts here in this Tower mock my  
fate:

The cries of Edward's babes a-freeze my  
veins.

GLORIA.

They wink at crime, who execute true  
valour.

Still living—hope is not forsaken. Are  
there

No ways to charm the hearts of Courts?  
O God!

BURKE (*passionately drawing her to him*).

Thy tearful eyes and drooping breasts—  
Beloved,

E'er my day-dawn at Creation turned  
from stars,  
Anon thou wert the dusk and twilight of  
my soul,  
All renewing, interposing, never  
Ending. I clasp thee close in sacred fire.  
High! High! Love's crystal cups filled  
rim to rim,  
I sense a thirst for life — more life — still  
more!

GLORIA (*raising her eyes*).

Thy kiss — again bewildered — there's  
nothing clear!

BURKE.

And yet to die for Ireland, — sweet sac-  
rifice!

GLORIA (*proudly*).

A crown of Honour, aye, I see thy thought.

BURKE.

And feel the flame of courage in thy  
breath;  
Ill phrased our sorrow in that great de-  
clension.

GLORIA.

To heal the breach and woe of her great  
wrongs.

BURKE.

I will unloose them with my hands in  
death,  
To stir those wounds in flashing brands of  
steel.

GLORIA (*with great patriotism*).

Oh! Let them echo to the limits of  
The world and farthest isles, founded on  
Our people's mighty lore. With due  
Allegiance, I'll keep that ancient faith  
Until her freedom from this yoke has  
been attained.

BURKE (*sorrowfully*).

And yet, my wife, to die—to leave thee  
here  
Alone! The vision shakes into me a soul  
Whose essence is all cowardice.  
(*Starting to walk to and fro*)  
Recast thy splendour, life, eye to eye!

GLORIA.

How can we part?

BURKE.

Whither wander down?  
Where are my friends, where are my flatterers now?  
This Stygian river roaring o'er my soul,  
Is there one who would come forth and share this fee?  
Ha! Ha! We're craven if we believe it.  
Smile away that trust, or speak it softly,  
Such faith is naught within man's selfish lust.

GLORIA (*embracing him wildly*).

I cry out for delay—and for thy life!  
(*A pause as he holds her to him*)

BURKE (*sneeringly*).

Life, this thing—subjection, we call being;  
Why is it so sweet to us? Swiftest  
Minutes winged on to Pain and Sorrow,  
Sickness, anger, grief, suspicion, woe—  
Dream that Time is naught and life is not to be.

GLORIA (*softly*).

My husband!

BURKE.

Life, mere thoughts of loss  
and gain,  
Unctuous vapors in a wandering fire!  
(*Intensely*)

List my prayer and heed this warning,  
now  
I go. If thou wouldst contemplate thy  
frank  
Estate, think not thou hast a friend who  
boasts  
It to thee in thy fortune's hour. The eyes  
O'er gilded thrones are false, as those are  
true  
That peer from up the lowly dust. He is  
Thy friend who speaks to thee and offers  
aid  
Uncalled and humbly, in thy misery.

GLORIA (*kissing him*).

For me — there is no friend but Death!

BURKE (*dreamily*).

Thy hair,  
Beloved, for centuries has drunk the sun,  
A flame of ebony in farthest ages.  
I feel the sharp savors of a distant past,

Our souls as in the heavens there en-  
sphered,  
And all the sky is flecked with magic  
light—  
Mirth mirrors crested with our Babylon  
passion,  
Fountains plashing in the Hanging Gar-  
dens,  
The Euphrates level through a burnished  
plain;  
Flower crowned and girdled thou, in  
golden  
Gauzes from the feasts. We sat 'neath  
veiléd  
Moon those rhythmic nights to sate our  
love.

*(Relaxes suddenly and points to the  
walls.)*

Here,—this black abyss, these oozing  
crevices,  
Our flame of faith that goes out for this  
cause,  
More awful is the silence of it all.  
This business o'er—these traders in the  
dark—  
Thou shalt feel my spirit still with thee,

To glide henceforth a shadow in our  
home.

GLORIA.

Take me! Take me! Thine I am in body  
And in soul—else sundered from the  
world.

BURKE.

Hush! The guard—thou needst not go  
this moment.

*(Continues wildly)*

Death! The glister of eternity  
And unknown tangles! I cannot—will  
not cease!

To stop this blood all passioning in my  
veins,

The blast of dreaded winds in night's  
dark orbs;

Suspense, a tingling stillness, crash and  
cry!

Back, back again to dust—a dismal  
grave,

A core in slime to feed the vermin of  
The earth! Bait unto the hook of Na-  
ture's

Great Oblivion, reeled anon

Into a blackness without bound, to meet  
With Chaos, Anguish, and with Time—  
timeless

Time—to scope the tenor of eternity;  
An alien in the multitude of spheres,  
A great sun dark'ning in a heaven—my  
shout

Of terror delivered to the stars; gongs  
And hammers in the tideless ring of  
Space

Each minute beating in a bell of fear,  
The thesis of our immortality!

O God! is this thy trap for human souls?

GLORIA.

Lost! Lost! My noble lord, let me die  
anon upon

Thy breast—proof of perfect love all  
shared.

[*Sudden flash of lightning, followed by roar  
of rolling thunder. The stage is totally  
darkened for a period of about four min-  
utes.*]

PLACE—Ireland

SCENE 2:

*In Sir Roger's country villa. Cosy bed-  
room radiant with early morning sun-*



*light, and glimpsed in the background verdant Irish plain. Sir Roger is seen awakening from a deep sleep. He sits up and in a startled tone speaks to Gloria, lying peacefully by his side.*

BURKE.

No! No! (GLORIA awakes.) 'Twas a dream — a wave on a roaring shore,  
To break in calm upon our coming days, —

Gold-crested hills of Ireland, magic main,  
Frail streamlet rippling to the saffron sea.

Come! Love is pledged eternal in yon goodly gift (*pointing to a framed manuscript*),

The pardon of our king there hanging on the wall.

Kiss me, Gloria, that I may know myself.

With thy caress the sweetest morning dawns

In melody of lifted voices blest.

Those silken arms around my shoulders throw!

(*She embraces, then kisses him.*)

CURTAIN





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